

THE UNION.

"UNITED, WE STAND; DIVIDED, WE FALL."

VOL. I.

ST. GEORGE, UTAH, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1878.

NO. 10.

Original Poetry.

For the Union.

BELLS.

—§—

Bells, bells, bells, bells,
What sweet strain their music tells
Of golden days in the far away past;
Of youth's gay dreams, too bright to last;
Of the dearly loved homes of long ago,
Ere fashion with glitter, and tinsel, and
show,
With the many schemes, the artful device,
Sought to cheat the foolish and puzzle the
wise:

Of the clear sparkling streamlet, and flow-
ery mead,

Whose sweet loveliness spoke of Heaven
indeed:

Of home's Sacred ties, of dearly loved
friends,

And all the joys sweet companionship
lends;

The holy influence of the calm Sabbath
morn,

Where Heaven seemed nearer, and new
thoughts were born,

As the Sabbath Bell calling, its notes
seem to say,

"Hasten, oh, hasten, while yet it is day;"

And the sweet childish fancy that made it
appear,

This day, of all days, the blest of the year;
As God has appointed, a day of sweet rest

From toilsome labor, for man and for beast:
When nature seemed fairer, nor storms

swept the skies,

And Earth, herself lightened of sorrows
and sighs;

The quiet fond clasp, the hearty hand
shake,

That, come life or come death, no false pre-
tence make,

But in all life's wanderings, steadfast and
true,

Shall meet again truly, when life's battle is
through.

The clear ringing tones that called to
school,

The genius, the dullard, the mischief, the
fool,

The blooming young maiden, the winsome
wee lasses,

Tripping so lightly o'er flowers and
grasses,

Hand in hand—happy hearts, of the future
no fears

That dreams so illusive roll away with the
years,

Or that loves fondest ties may not last till
to-morrow,

And promises given may bring direct
sorrow:

Ring on cheery bells, ring out your glad
song;

To youth's sunny morning, joys only
belong.

And, mingling with these is the sad funeral
toll,

Telling the departure of an immortal soul;

Striking the ear, with its slow solemn tone,
Like the heart thrilling pathos, of sorrows

deep moan.

So life is checkered, with its good and its ill,
And the heart-bells, though saddened, may

be merry still,
And as years bring experience, know bet-
ter the worth

Of knowledge that's gathered, sojourning
on earth.

Though friends may forsake and fortune
prove fickle,

There's truth in the saying "many littles
make mickle,"

For though clouds oft hang o'er us, we see
the bright gleam

Of sunny spots somewhere, gilding life's
stream;

And perchance, far beyond, in the dim
waning light,

Is the star of our destiny, to guide us
a-right.

Then ring on merry bells, ring on glad
refrain,

Welcome sweet hope, the good come again.
July 1878.

Betsie.

A DISCOURSE.

—o—

By Prest. Joseph Smith, being the fu-
neral sermon of elder King Follett; from
the *Millennial Star*.

(CONTINUED.)

You mourners have occasion to re-
joice (speaking of the death of Elder
King Follett); for your husband and
father has gone to wait till the
resurrection of the dead—until the
perfection of the remainder; for at the
resurrection your friend will rise in
perfect felicity and go to celestial glory,
while many must wait myriads of
years before they can receive the like
blessings; and your expectations and
hopes are far above what man can con-
ceive; for why! as God revealed it to
us?

I AM AUTHORIZED to say, by the au-
thority of the Holy Ghost, that you
have no occasion to fear; for he has

gone to the home of the just. Don't
mourn; don't weep. I know it by
the testimony of the Holy Ghost that is
within me; and you may wait for your
friends to come forth to meet you in
the morn of the celestial world.

Rejoice, O Israel! Your friends
who have been murdered for the truth's
sake in the persecution shall triumph
gloriously in the celestial world, while
their murderers shall welter for ages
in torment, even until they shall have
paid the uttermost farthing. I say
this for the benefit of strangers.

I have a father, brothers, children,
and friends who have gone to a world
of spirits. They are only absent for a
moment. They are in the spirit, and
we will soon meet again. The time
will soon arrive when the trumpet
shall sound. When we depart, we
shall hail our mothers, fathers, friends,
and all whom we love, who have fallen
asleep in Jesus. There will be no
fear of mobs, persecutions, or malicious
lawsuits and arrests; but it will be an
eternity of felicity.

A Question may be asked—"Will
mothers have their children in eterni-
ty?" Yes! yes! Mothers, you shall
have your children; for they shall
have eternal life, their debt is paid.
There is no damnation awaiting them,
for they are in the spirit. But as the
child dies, so shall it rise from the
dead, and be forever living in the
learning of God. It will never grow;
it will still be the child, in the same
precise form as it appeared before it
died out of its mother's arms, but pos-
sessing all the intelligence of a God.
Children dwell in the mansions of
glory and exercise power, but appear
in the same form as when on earth.
Eternity is full of thrones, upon which
dwell thousands of children, reigning
on thrones of glory, with not one cubit
added to their stature.

I will leave this subject here, and
make a few remarks on the subject of
baptism. The baptism of water, with-
out the baptism of fire and the Holy

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